2503
1509/868

THE

TEARS and TRIUMPH

OF

PARNASSUS:

AN

ODE

for MUSICK,

As it is perform'd at the

THEATRE-ROYAL

IN

DRURY-LANE.

LONDON:

Printed for P. VAILLANT, in the *Strand.* MDCCLX.

[Price Sixpence.]

THE

SECOND TRIUMPH

OF

PARNASSUS:

AN

ODE

FOR THE

KING'S BIRTH-DAY.

As it is perform'd at the

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THE

TEARS and TRIUMPH, &c

The Scene discovers APOLLO *and the* NINE MUS
in their proper Habits.

APOLLO.

FATE gave the Word; the Deed is done;
AUGUSTUS is no more;
His great Career of Fame is run,
And all the Loss deplore.

[*The Muses tear off their Laurel*

CALLIOPE.

Well, Sisters of the sacred Spring,
Well may you rend your golden Hair;
Well may you now your Dirges sing,
And pierce with cries the troubled Air.

CHORUS.

Fate gave the Word, &c.

CLIO

CLIO.

Founded in Juſtice was his Sway;
Ambition never mark'd his Way.

CALLIOPE.

Unleſs the beſt Ambition that can fire
A Monarch's Breaſt and all his Soul inſpire,
The gen'rous Purpoſe of the noble Mind,
The beſt Ambition—to ſerve Human Kind.

APOLLO.

Yes, Virgins, yes; that Wiſh ſublime
Rank'd him with thoſe of earlieſt Time,
Who for a People's Welfare ſtrove;
Whoſe Spirits breathe ætherial Air,
And for their Meed of earthly Care,
Drink Nectar with Olympian Jove.

CALLIOPE.

Oh! TRUTH! fair Daughter of the Sky,
And MERCY!—that with aſking Eye
Near the OMNIPOTENT do'ſt ſtand;
And, when Mankind provoke his Rage,
Do'ſt claſp his Knees, his Wrath aſſuage,
And win the Thunder from his Hand!

CLIO.

Oh! white-rob'd FAITH! celeſtial Maid!
Twin-born with JUSTICE! by whoſe Aid
He liv'd the Guardian of the Laws;
Dear LIBERTY! round ALBION's Iſle
That bid'ſt eternal Sunſhine ſmile,
Who now will guard your ſacred Cauſe?

CHORUS.

Dear Liberty, &c.

CALLIOPE.

Where were ye, Muſes, when the fatal Sheers
The FURY rais'd, to cloſe his rev'rend Years?
But ah! vain wiſh!—you could not ſtop the Blow;
No Omen warn'd ye of th' impending Woe.

APOLLO.

See! where BRITANNIA ſtands
With cloſe-infolded Hands,
On yonder ſea-beat Shore!
Behold her languid Air!
Lo! her diſhevell'd Hair!
Majeſtic now no more!
Still on the ſullen Wave her Eye is bent,
The TRIDENT of the MAIN thrown idle by;

OLD THAMES, his ſea-green Mantle rent,
Inverts his Urn, and heaves a doleful Sigh.
Hark! to the Winds and Waves
Frantic with Grief ſhe raves,
And, Cruel Gods! ſhe cries;
Each chalky Cliff around,
Each Rock returns the Sound,
And, Cruel Gods! replies.

CALLIOPE.

See! the Proceſſion ſad and ſlow,
Walks in a ſolemn Pomp of Woe
Thro' awful Arches, gloomy Iſles,
And Rows of monumental Piles,
Where lie the venerable Juſt,
Where Heroes moulder into Duſt.
Now quietly inurn'd he lies,
Pale! pale! inanimate and cold!
Where round him baleful Vapours riſe,
'Midſt Bones of Legiſlators old!

CLIO.

Of him who fought th' ambitious Gaul
Oe'r thick-embattled Plains,
Who felt, who liv'd, and reign'd for all,
This only now remains.

APOLLO

APOLLO.

Bring, in Handfuls, Lillies bring,
Bring me all the flow'ry Spring.
Scatter Roſes on his Bier;
Ever honour'd, ever dear!

CHORUS.

Scatter Roſes, &c.

MERCURY *deſcends.*

No more, harmonious Progeny of Jove,
No more let fun'ral Accents riſe;
The great, the good AUGUSTUS reigns above,
Tranſlated to his kindred Skies.

CLIO.

No more for my Hiſtoric Page—

CALLIOPE.

No more for my great Epic Rage—

BOTH.

Will by the Hero now be done—

CHORUS.

His great Career of Fame is run,
And all the Loſs deplore.

Enter MARS.

Lo! Mars, from his beloved Land,
Where Freedom long hath fix'd her Stand,

Bids ye collect your flowing Hair,
And again the Laurel wear.
For See! BRITANNIA rears her drooping Head;
Again refumes her TRIDENT of the Main;
THAMES takes his Urn, and ſeeks his wat'ry Bed,
While gay Content ſits ſmiling on the Plain.
Hark! a glad Voice
Proclaims the People's Choice.

CHORUS, *within the Scenes.*

He is our Liege, our rightful Lord!
Of Heart and Tongue with one Accord
We all will ſing
Long live the King!
He is our Liege!—he!—he alone!
With BRITISH HEART he mounts the Throne;
Around him throngs a loyal Band;
He will protect his NATIVE LAND!
He is our Liege, &c.

[*The Muſes riſe and put on their Laurels.*

CALLIOPE.

The Muſes now their Heads ſhall raiſe;
The Arts to Life ſhall ſpring;
Virgins, we'll trim our wither'd Bayes,
And wake each vocal String;

Now ſhall the Sculptor's happy Skill
Touch the rude Stone to Life;
The Painter ſhall his Canvaſs fill,
Pleas'd with his mimic Strife.

CLIO.

Sweet MERCY! FAITH! CÆLESTIAL TRUTH!
Now by your Aid the Royal Youth
Shall live the Guardian of the Laws;
Dear LIBERTY! round ALBION's Iſle
That bid'ſt eternal Sunſhine ſmile,
He now will guard your ſacred Cauſe.

APOLLO.

Bleſt Prince! whoſe Subjects in each adverſe Hour
For Freedom ſtill have ſtood!
Bleſt Iſle! whoſe Prince but deems the ſov'reign Pow'
The Pow'r of doing Good!

MARS.

Now open all your Helicon; explore
Of Harmony the loftieſt Store;
Let the Drum beat Alarms,
Such as rouze us to Arms;
The Trumpet's ſhrill Clangor ſhall pierce thro' the Sky
Swell the Rapture, ſwell it high;
And in Notes ſublime and clear
Pour the ſtrong Melody, that Heav'n may hear.

APOLLO.

Nothing mortal will I ſound;
Lo! the Flame, the Flame divine!
High I mount, I quit the Ground,
Holy Fury! I am thine.
With Rage poſſeſt
Big ſwells my Breaſt!
In Viſions rapt, before my Sight appears
A brighter Order of encreaſing Years.

MARS.

I ſee the Rhine devolve his Flood
Deep-crimſon'd with the Gallic Blood!
I hear, I hear the diſtant Roar
Of Ruin on yon hoſtile Shore!
I ſee, YOUNG PRINCE, to thee I ſee
The ſavage Indian bend the Knee!
Lo! AFRIC from her ſable Kings
Her richeſt Stores in Tribute brings!
And fartheſt IND, beneath the riſing Day
Lays down her Arms, and venerates thy Sway.

CALLIOPE.

I ſee Bellona baniſh'd far!
I ſee him cloſe the Gates of War,
While purple Rage within
With ghaſtly Ire ſhall grin,

And rolling his Terrific Eyes,
Where round him Heaps of Arms ariſe,
Bound with a hundred brazen Chains,
In vain ſhall foam, and thirſt for ſanguine Plains.

CLIO.

Sweet Peace returns;
O'er Albion's Sons
She waves her Dove-like Wing:
On ev'ry Plain
The Shepherd Train
Their artleſs Loves ſhall ſing.
Pale DISCORD ſhall fly
From the Light of the Sky,
To black Cocytus hurl'd;
There, there ſhall feel
Ixion's Wheel,
The Furies with their Serpents curl'd;
With the unceaſing Toil ſhall groan
Of the unconquerable Stone,
And leave in Harmony the Britiſh World.

APOLLO.

Proceed great Days; lead on th' auſpicious Years;
Such Years (—for Lo! the Scene of Fate appears!)
Such Years, the DESTINIES have ſaid, ſhall roll;
Jove nods Conſent, and Thunder ſhakes the Pole.

FINIS.

POSTSCRIPT.

IT occurred to the Author of this little Piece, that, amidſt the general Condolence and Congratulations of the People, the Theatre ſhould not be ſilent. He therefore put together the foregoing Lines, and gave them to the Managers, who have ſelected as much to be ſet to Muſick as the Shortneſs of Time would permit.